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HOLBROOK 1960
PACIFIC SCHOOL
OF RELIGION

JANUARY 4, 1970

YOUTH

**BUFFY • PEANUTS • ZODIAC
• GRAMMIES AND GRAMPIES**

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA



believe. St. Paul could put it this way: "We proclaim Christ—yes, Christ nailed to the cross; and though this is a stumbling-block to Jews and folly to Greeks, yet to those who have heard his call, Jews and Greeks alike, Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God" (1 Cor. 1:23-24).

The story is told of an old man who "heard" the good news for the very first time in his life. That is, although he had heard the call of Christ proclaimed many times before, this time it was communicated to him in such a way that he actually understood it and believed it. What was his response? He couldn't stop laughing! While the rest of the congregation, with long and serious faces, stubbornly attempted to complete their "worship service," this clown just kept laughing and laughing. But this is—as earth pointed out—an appropriate response! Why? Let's take a look at the good news" once more, in a nutshell.

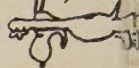
It isn't necessary to tell most people (at least anyone past the age of 12) what a real hell this world of ours actually is. We all live in it. If, however, you happen to be one of those innocent souls who has always managed to maintain a childlike freedom from care and unhappiness, there is a sign, seen on many walls these days, that is meant just for you:

ANYONE WHO REMAINS CALM
IN THE MIDST OF ALL THIS
CONFUSION SIMPLY DOES NOT
UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION.

Nevertheless, into the midst of all this agonizing confusion called "life," the following fantastic announcement has been made: this situation isn't going to be forever. Regardless of who you are or what you've been or what you've done, all of us—everyone—will finally find "outrageous happiness" and live with God forever. It's already been arranged. There are no exceptions. Ultimately there will be nothing that will separate any of us from God's unlimited and universal love.

Then the message continues: Arrangements have also been made so that any man can now begin to enjoy the "first fruits" of this great joy which eventually "will come to all the people" (Luke 2:10). This "head start," which will also serve as the confirmation of the future promised to

and the **TRUTH** WILL MAKE YOU **LAUGH**



you, can be made in one way only—through belief in Christ. And to believe in Christ simply means to dedicate your entire life to communicating to as many as possible this news of what a great future is promised to them and how this future can even now begin to be known through Christ.

That's it! It's that comically simple! But you don't feel like laughing, do you say? Then try doing it and see what happens. But of course by "doing it," I don't necessarily mean hopping on the first soap box you can find to begin evangelizing at the top of your voice. "Doing it" can also involve simply being people's good friend until there is a more opportune time to tell them frankly what life means to you. After all, people never want to hear this kind of thing until they themselves realize they need it. In the meantime, it is quite possible to mirror something of how much God loves them by reflecting His love in your own love and consideration for them. This is the way to "do it"—"the best way of all," St. Paul called it.

My own bag involves "doing it"—attempting to communicate the good news to others—through my own interpreting of the "Peanuts" cartoons drawn by Charles Schulz. Why not? Jesus used the same device in his parables. His parables were simple little stories or vignettes about "secular" life—life as it obviously really is—from which it was possible to draw religious analogies. And if there ever was a modern-day set of parables—simple little stories about life as it really is—that's "Peanuts Plus"—"Peanuts" is funny. But so much the better! Because, as we've already seen, Christianity is basically "funny" too. It's a "divine comedy."

All comedy, Christianity included, is "situation comedy." Our situation is that we always try to live our lives on some other foundation than God, and to that extent we will live them unhappily. This is what "hell" means—life lived outside God's way for us. But the situation of comedy isn't the last word. The "last Word" of Christianity (the same Word that

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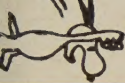
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is also "in the beginning"), and the last word of all comedy, involves a happy ending. This ending enables us to see that the situation wasn't (or isn't) finally tragic after all.

How often is the "comedy of errors" of children amusing to us. For instance, a three-year-old child cries unconsolably because it thinks its mother is leaving it forever and ever, while actually the man is only going to be gone five minutes in order to buy a can of baby food at the corner grocery store. The child's unhappiness is caused by what it does not know or understand. "Everything is going to be all right," its mother will tell it. And so the Christian looks upon the unhappiness of the world with the same mixture of concern and amusement, and preaches pretty much the same gospel: "Everything is going to be all right." Or, as Charles Schulz has put it: "Humor is a proof of faith, proof that everything is going to be all right with God, nevertheless."

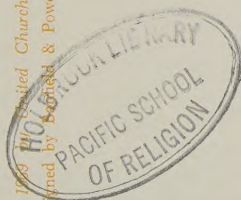
G. K. Chesterton, the famous Catholic novelist and humorist, once said, "The test of good religion is whether you can make a joke about it." I believe this is true. For instance there is hardly a passage in the Bible, or even a thought the great theologians have come up with, that can't be illustrated with "Peanuts." I'm not saying that Mr. Schulz has all of these ideas in mind when he creates his cartoons. It is true that oftentimes he intentionally injects this kind of material into his strips, as he himself has admitted. But because "Peanuts" maintains such an honest simplicity about its message, it's almost always possible to see parallels between "Peanuts" and the message of Christianity. Thus while Mr. Schulz draws the cartoons, we can draw the analogies.

How well does Chesterton's theory stand the test? Let's select some passages from the Bible, which are expressions of "good religion," and see if a "Peanuts" cartoon will illustrate them. You be the judge.

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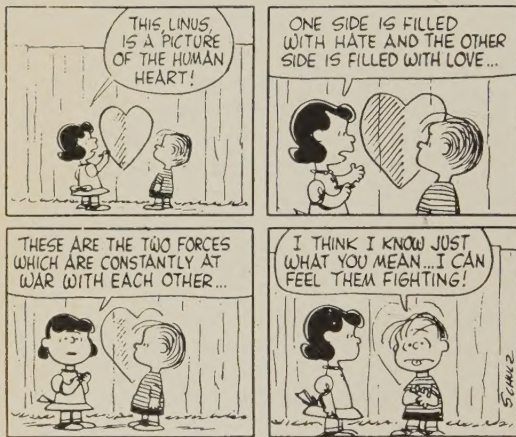
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"Wretched" St. Paul writes:

For I delight in the law of God, in my inmost self, but I see in my members another law at war with the law of my mind and making me captive to the law of sin which dwells in my members. Wretched man that I am! Who will deliver me from this body of death? (Rom. 7:22-24).—



The Psalmist could say:

Insults have broken my heart, so that I am in despair. I looked for pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none (Psalm 69:20).—



Jesus said to the people who followed him:

How can you say to your brother, "My dear brother, let me take the speck out of your eye," when you are blind to the great plank in your own? You hypocrite! First take the plank out of your own eye, and then you will see clearly to take the speck out of your brother's (Luke 6:41-42).—



An ancient proverb says:

A soft answer turns away wrath. (Prov. 15:1).

And Jesus said:

Behold, I stand at the door and knock. (Rev. 3:20).



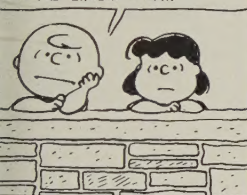
Jesus said:

These things I have spoken to you, my joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full and no one take your joy from you. (Jn. 15:16:22).

Paul writes to the Romans:

I do not understand my own actions. For I do not do what I want to do, but I do the very thing I hate. . . . I can will what is right, but I cannot do it" (Rom. 7:15, 18).—

ALL IT WOULD TAKE TO MAKE ME HAPPY IS TO HAVE SOMEONE SAY HE LIKES ME...



ARE YOU SURE?



OF COURSE, I'M SURE!

YOU MEAN YOU'D BE HAPPY IF SOMEONE MERELY SAID HE OR SHE LIKES YOU?



DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT SOMEONE HAS IT WITHIN HIS OR HER POWER TO MAKE YOU HAPPY MERELY BY DOING SUCH A SIMPLE THING?



YES! THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN!

WELL, I DON'T THINK THAT'S ASKING TOO MUCH... I REALLY DON'T...



YOU'RE SURE NOW? ALL I WANT IS TO HAVE SOMEONE SAY, "I LIKE YOU, CHARLIE BROWN..."



...AND THEN YOU'LL BE HAPPY?

AND THEN I'LL BE HAPPY!



I CAN'T DO IT!

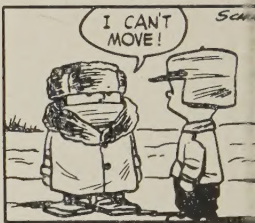
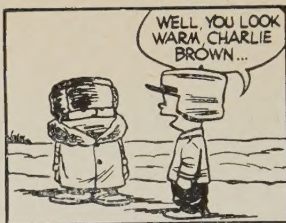


SCHULZ

September 25, 1969

In St. Luke (12:15) Jesus says to the people:

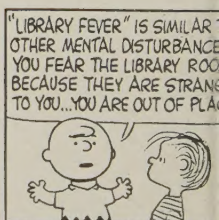
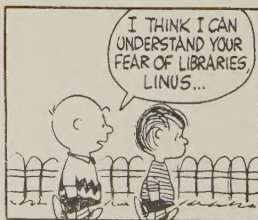
Beware! Be on your guard against greed of every kind, for even when a man has more than enough, his wealth does not give him life.—



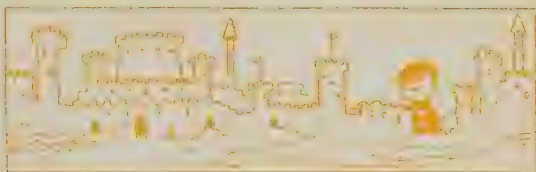
The New Testament's Letter to the James tells us (James 2:16-17): 'Suppose a brother or a sister is in rags with not enough to wear for the day, and one of you says, 'Be of good cheer, be warm, and have plenty to eat,' but does nothing to supply his bodily needs, what is the good of that? So with faith if it does not lead to action it is in itself a lifeless thing.—

And in Jeremiah (23:24) we read:

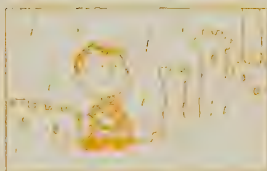
Can a man hide himself in secret places, so that I cannot see him? says the Lord. Do I not fill heaven and earth?



Jesus finished his "Sermon on the Mount" with the parable of "The House on the Rock and the House on the Sand" (Matt. 7:24-27):



Every one that hears these things of mine and does them will be like a wise man who has built his house upon the rock; and the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house, but it did not fall, because it had been founded on the rock.



And every one who hears these things of mine and does not do them will be like a foolish man who has built his house upon the sand; and the rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat against that house,



and it fell; and great was the fall of it."

As in the parables of Jesus, there are lessons to be learned from "the parables of Peanuts." But as Linus says in the above cartoon, we don't always know what these lessons are.

People often ask me how one learns to see so many lessons in "Peanuts," or even learns to see them in "everyday life," which "Peanuts" is such a good mirror of. I'd like to try to answer by quoting Malcolm Muggeridge, the famous British journalist: "All the material universe is, as it were, a message in code from God, which mystics, artists, and scientists strive to crack, sometimes with a measure of success, but to which Christ provides the key."

I wish I'd said that.

Mr. Short is author of *The Gospel According to Peanuts* (John Knox Press and Bantam Books) and *The Parables of Peanuts* (Harper and Row). All "Peanuts" cartoons used in this issue are copyrighted by United Features Syndicate, Inc., and are used here by permission.



BRIDGING A GAP OF TWO GENERATIONS

***Lives of young and
old were changed
when Y-Teens decided
to adopt grandparents
at a nearby home
for the aged in Iowa***

The programs of "Big Brother" and "Big Sister" whereby adults "adopt" a school-age child are well known. But, in Marshalltown, Iowa, some teenagers have reversed the procedure and come up with a program which has changed their own lives and the lives of some elderly residents of that community.

It began early in the fall of '68, explained Nancy Davis, president of the Y-Teens of the Marshalltown YWCA. "Nancy Mahnke, our advisor, suggested to the members of our cabinet a service project which volunteers would adopt grandmothers from the Iowa Soldiers' Home. Immediately the idea was accepted, but we were a messy handful. It had to be presented to the entire group and ratified.

"But, due to the uncertainties of life, the presentation was postponed. Later, Nancy, friend and

eloved of us all, was killed in an auto accident. A spectacular memorial was given in her honor and a portrait of Nancy, purchased through donations, was hung in the Marshalltown YMCA-YWCA lobby in her remembrance."

But, the girls decided, the best way to remember Nancy was to follow through on her idea of adopting grandmothers as friends. So, Nancy Davis continued, "After things calmed down, a meeting was held. Cindy Brown, service chairman, told the rest of the girls about the idea. During discussion the proposal was brought up to adopt grandfathers, too. When the final vote was taken the outcome was unanimous—adopt both grandmothers and grandfathers, whichever was preferred."

What happened next?

"Volunteers were asked to sign their names and tell about their likes, dislikes, and hobbies," the Y-Teen president explained. "This information was transferred to various people at the Soldier's Home so they could mix and match the girls with the elders."

"Then a get-acquainted party was planned. On the final evening before that great event, 20 to 30 of us met in a room off the cafeteria at the Home. The responsibility and care which would be required of us was carefully explained, although most of us knew what would be required of us when we signed up for the project."

"My presence is greeted with a happy face and my departure with a loving hug," reports Nancy Davis

"The next day on entering that room, prepared for a feast with punch and cookies, a person couldn't help but feel the tension and anxiety. But we girls began mingling, conversations started to bloom, and soon there were smiles of content and cheerful laughter."

"Eventually, the time approached for everyone to find his or her adopted grandchild, or grandparent. Young and old grabbed at the name tags neatly dispersed on a table. Between your name tag and your partner's there was a string. Follow that string and new, hopeful reactions began to arise."

"There were 24 of us when the project started," added Holly Miller, another of the Y-Teens involved in this special project.

"I got involved mainly because I had no living grandfather of my own. I also felt it was time for the youth of our community to realize that senior citizens are still members of the community."

That first day of the get-acquainted party, conversations had been pretty limited to the "How's-the-weather" variety—but friendships and interests quickly developed between the girls and their new grandparents. Holly, for example, soon found herself learning the fine points of pool from her "grandfather," Dick Boll, 69.

"But," Holly said, "we play less pool now than when we first started, and we visit more—though we still enjoy a close game every once in a while.

"The relationship I have had with my 'grandfather' is different than those I have with my two grandmothers. Of course, you must realize I have known him for only a year. But, we are much closer now than when we first met and

have no trouble with the 'generation gap.' He has helped to fill a small void in my life, for, as I said before, I have no living grandfather. We usually sit in his room or on the porch in front of his dorm and gossip. He's always telling me jokes and often refers to the past. When I bring my sister, Debby, age 11, along he seems to be overjoyed. He loves children, although he never had any of his own.

"I can remember the fourth of July when he invited my family to a barbeque held for members of the Iowa Soldier's Home and their guests. I had a wonderful time even though the band that played only seemed to know songs like the Honey Bee Waltz."

Nancy Davis, when she had applied as a volunteer, requested a "grandfather," too. But . . . things didn't work out that way, she explained. "My adopted grandfather



decided not to join the experiment, which left me without a partner at that get-acquainted party. But I was not the only one in that predicament. A grandmother was having the same problem. Maud Malston was her name, and presently we were introduced to one another. Maud is a fragile-looking woman, 70 years old, but looks not a day over 65. Her personality is an extremely pleasant one. Before leaving for home I arranged to drop in sometime the following week, with the exception of Wednesday, her going night.

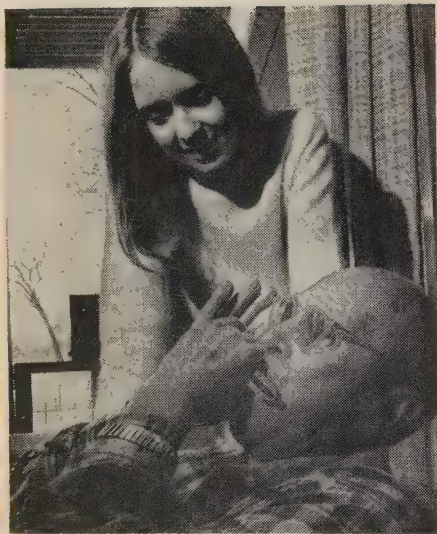
"As time passed, I tried to visit at least once a week, maybe twice. When delayed, I would write her a letter, and, in turn, received answering letters from Maud. Nearly everytime I went I tried to bring a fresh rose as a token of friendship—once in a while I'd bring more than one rose and

sometimes candy or the like. My presence was always greeted with a happy face and my departure with a loving hug to remember. Sometimes Maud would even walk with me to the other side of the building, to the exit door."

Nancy then recalled an event that had occurred during one of her visits: "One particular evening, while we were looking at family pictures, I looked up to discover a little gray mouse sneaking into the room's warmth through a slightly cracked window. Before I had the chance to call Maud's attention to the mouse, she was up like a flying hawk to slam the window shut. After feeling sure the coast was clear, we raised the window. There lay the poor mouse, dead. He probably didn't know what hit him."



"We play less pool now than when we first met," says Holly Miller. "We visit more now."



*"What is there
to lose when
there is so much
to gain?"*

Without a single wince, she snatched the limp form by the tail and dropped him into the waste basket, and then resumed showing me pictures of the family she so dearly loved."

Holly, too, has special memories of humorous and happy times with her "grandfather." "He makes posters for a hobby, so every time I visit I must see his newest creations of humorous anecdotes. He takes such pride in his work.

"I will never forget the look in his eyes when I gave him his birthday gift on December 18, 1968. I had not told him I was coming to visit. He was really surprised when I showed up with a cake I had made myself. It was a chocolate layer

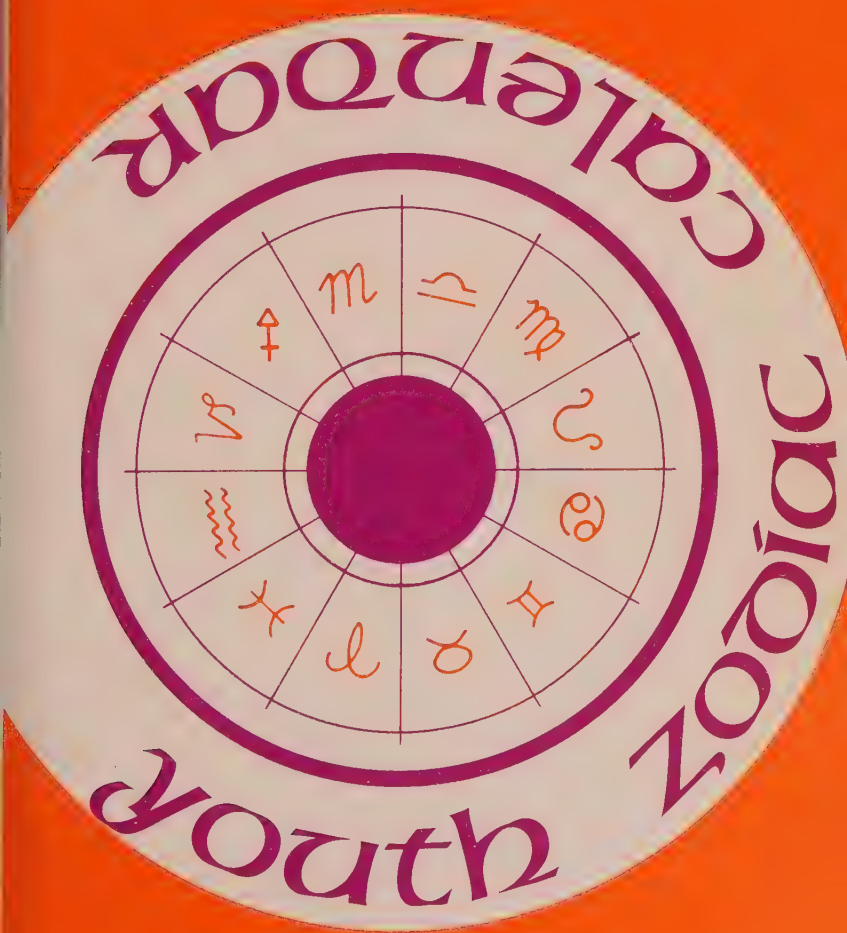
cake, and it was a little lopsided, but he still insisted it was the best gift he had ever received.

"Then came Christmas. I bought a small gold frame and put my picture in it. I hoped he would like it, although I was kind of worried because I didn't really know him that well, yet. I walked into his room on Christmas eve and handed him the package. As he opened it, a huge smile crossed his face and when the paper was completely off so he could see the picture, I thought I saw tears forming in his eyes. This is one moment I will never forget, the moment we really became friends.

"Everyone in Dorm No. 4 of Iowa Soldier's Home knows me," Holly continued. I often feel I have 30 grandparents instead of one. They all greet me warmly and remind me to come back soon when I leave.

"I cannot express in words my feelings toward this project," Holly concluded. "I can give only one word of advice. Once you start, do not quit. A broken heart for an elderly person takes a long time to heal."

"The world would be a much happier place," added Nancy Davis, "if people would strive to help one another, no matter what their age. What is there to lose when there is so much to gain?"



"Here's a calendar that's different," the artist said. Although different, a calendar based on the zodiac is not new. It dates back to ancient Babylonia. Some of the earliest star-watchers believed that the behavior of heavenly bodies determined the behavior of earthly bodies and, therefore, they felt they could predict the future of a nation or of an individual by observing the movement of the sun, moon, and stars. Such astrologers were consulted by kings and often appear in Bible accounts.

Today millions in their search for identity within the cosmos have turned to this pseudoscience, or superstition, to assess human personality and to predict future fortunes. Horoscopes abound. Computerized fortune tellers make big fortunes. Who you are and what you do—it's all in the stars! What is the sign of the zodiac under which you were born?

But whether you see astrology as something you "go by," or as "camp," or as a big "put on," we hope that you have fun with this ancient calendar and that you have a good year, no matter when your birthday!



*You are ambitious and persevering.
 You are anxious to duty although
 hanging in yourself a swifter.*

THE GOAT : DEC 22 - JAN 19

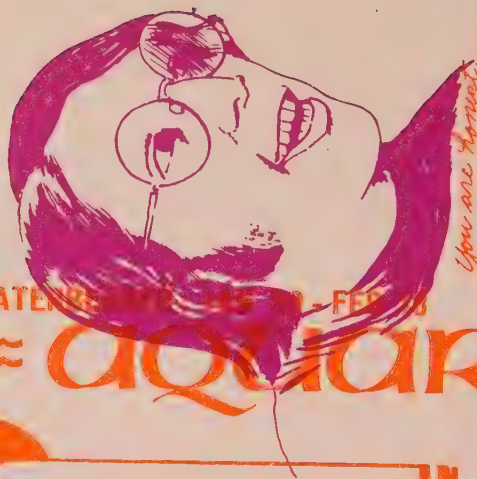
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19						

capricorn ♑

THE WATERBORN THE FEB 19



aquarius



*You are honest,
amiable, and friendly.
You are unpretentious
and love to shock.*



mon.	tues.	wed.	thurs.	fri.	sat.	sun.
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THE FISH: FEB 19 - MAR 20

*pisces

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			19	20		

ARIES ♈



THE RAM: MAR 21 - APR 19

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*You are extravagantly sensual
and kind-hearted
- often stubborn*

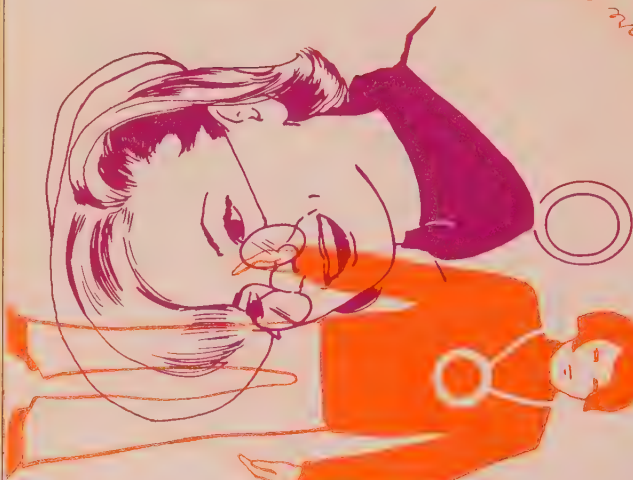
*and not particularly
adventurous*

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4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20				

THE BULL: APR 20 - MAY 20

♉ taurus

You are natural and naturally late.



Gemini

THE TWINS: MAY 21 - JUNE 21

mon. tues. wed. thurs. fri. sat. sun.

25	26	27	21	22	23	24
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8	9	10	4	5	6	7
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*You are bright, clever, and unusually good at
to get things done.*

Cancer

mon.	tues.	wed.	thurs.	fri.	sat.	sun.
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*You are sensitive beneath a tough exterior,
motherly and easily influenced*

THE CRAB: JUNE 22 - JULY 22



*You are generous and ungrateful.
You are also dominating and regally vain.*

THE LION: JULY 23 - AUG 22

mon.	tues.	wed.	thurs.	fri.	sat.	sun.
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leo



*You are methodical and industrious.
You are simple, gentle,
Tender and chaste.*

THE VIRGIN: AUG 23 - SEPT 22

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22					

VIRGO



*You are never in a greater
surroundings. You are alert, sympathetic,
always searching for beauty and harmony.*

Libra

THE SCALES: SEPT 23 - OCT 23

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18	19	20	15	16	17	18



THE SCORPION: OCT 24 - NOV 21

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16	17	18	19	20	14	15
				21		

*You are energetic and independent.
You are passionate and extreme beneath a cool exterior.*

★ m ★

SCORPIO★

sagittarius



You are happily optimistic, impulsive and curious.
 You can be brutally honest.

THE ARCHER: NOV 22 - DEC 21

mon.	tues.	wed.	thurs.	fri.	sat.	sun.
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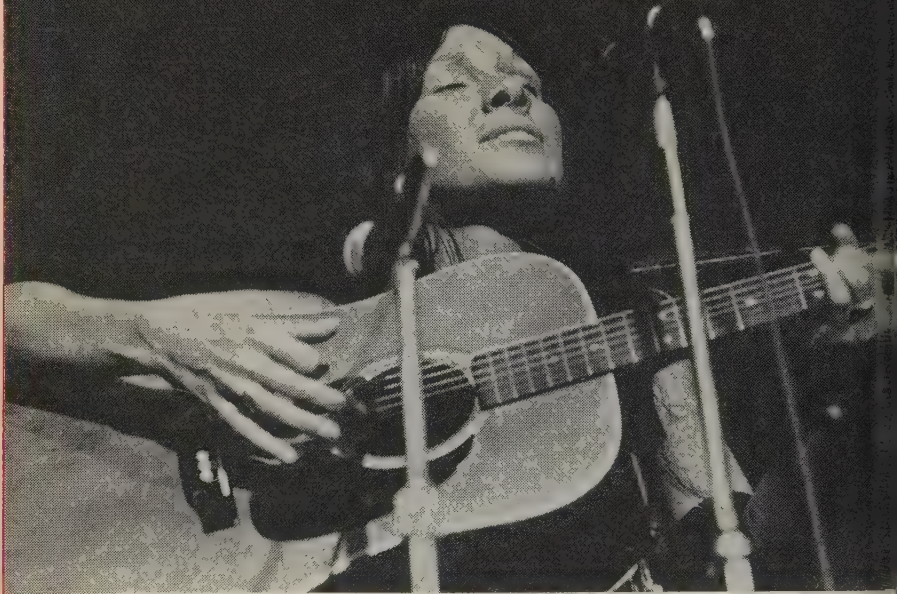
DESIGNED AND ILLUSTRATED BY V. M. BANFIELD / BANFIELD & POWELL ASSOCIATES



Buffy Ste. Mari

TEXT BY HANS KNIGHT
PHOTOS BY ED ECKSTEIN





■ The spotlight did weird things to her face.

It stabbed at it from the far end of New York's Central Park Stadium and it changed the light bronze of the skin to reddish ash. It etched the lines flanking the nose, giving the face a carved-wood look. It deepened the dark of the eyes, making them hollow and menacing.

Buffy Sainte Marie hadn't slept in three nights. She'd been singing in a lot of places and because the planes had been fouled up by weather she hadn't had a chance to rest between touchdowns and songs.

I caught her on the run. I had been waiting outside the trailer backstage where she was changing into a green miniskirt. It was very hot and there were a lot of mosquitoes and a few photographers

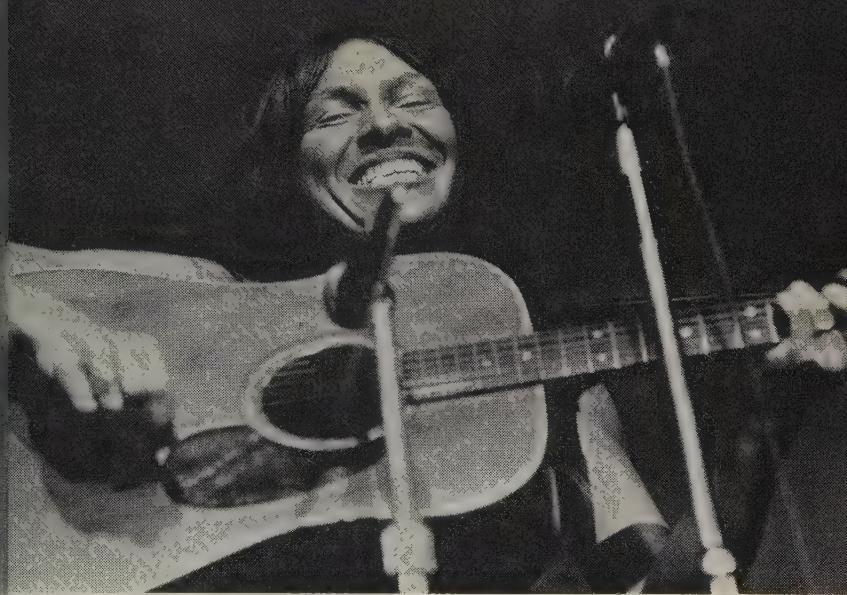
and kids with record albums for her to sign. She stepped out of the trailer, looking small and wiry and serious. When she saw me, a strange thing happened. Her face lit up. A dazzling smile exploded. Now, I had never seen her before. I had heard a record or two of hers, read a couple of stories about her in fan magazines, but that was all. I belong to the majority. I'm a square.

"I love your tie," Buffy said. I admit it wasn't a bad tie at that. Bright, with chess figures on it.

"Well," I said, a bit taken aback. "Thanks."

"It's gorgeous," said Buffy.

Before I could recover, she was on stage, with the spotlight playing with her face and catching in her hair that was black and down



her waist.
The guitar looked too big for her
under, steely body, but not for
her voice.

The voice erupted from the
throat like lava. It gripped the au-
dience and held it inert. Then it
changed and became feather-light
and soft. It slashed and soothed
and lacerated again.

It sang of love and sex. It sang
of prairies and vanishing buffalo. It
sang of school kids taught to take
a drink from the liar's cup. It sang
against war that molds men into
bots indistinguishable from each
other. It slyly announced that the
devil no longer is dressed in red
santas but red tape.

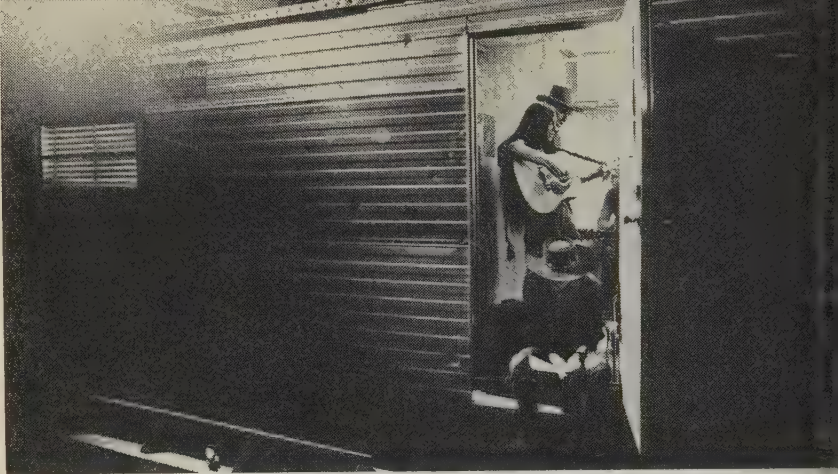
She sang for 45 minutes and
came back to the trailer looking
exhausted, and she took a brief break,

toying with the guitar and tuning
it, and then she sang for another
hour for the second concert of the
night. "Man," sighed one of her
four-man band, "I've had it. I'm
gonna split and crash."

The next morning Buffy Sainte
Marie glided out of the Chelsea
Hotel in midtown Manhattan and
into a nearby Horn and Hardart's.
She wore a brief shift of orange,
blue and gold and she looked ra-
diant as a college queen with fire.

A blue-denimed youth walked
over to her table.

***"I open myself up
to people when I sing.
I open like a flower."***



***"I'm not fullblooded,
whatever that means. . . .
I am part Cree. The rest,
who knows? Who cares?"***

"Excuse me, ma'm, aren't you Buffy Sainte Marie?"

She smiled, "No, I'm Bob Dylan."

"I saw you on TV," the youth went on. "I thought you were pretty good."

"Thank you," said Buffy. "I appreciate it."

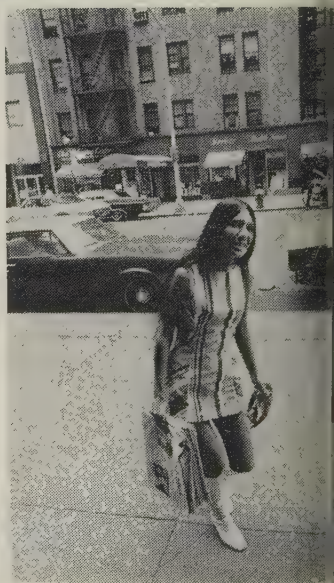
"That's okay," said the youth. "I'm pleased to have met you, ma'm."

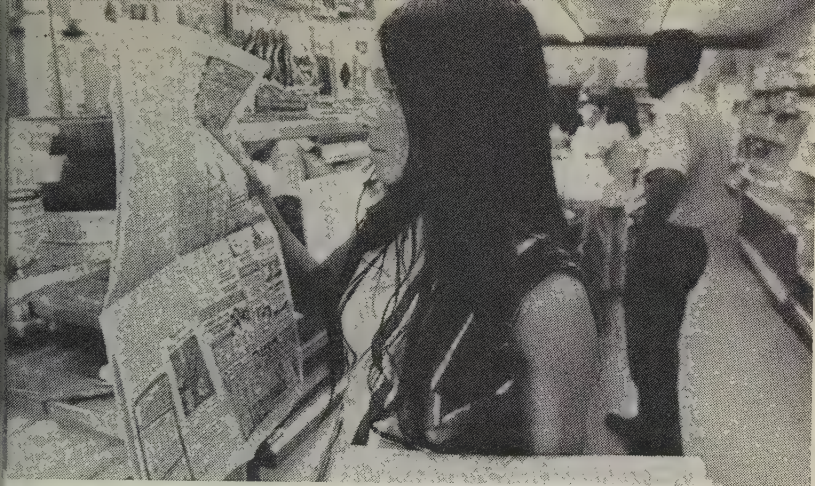
She ate a bran muffin and drank some tomato juice.

"I like natural things," she said, watching me watch her eat. "Americans are slowly poisoning themselves with all the synthetic stuff they permit to enter their bodies.

I like to grow my own food. As far as possible, I eat only unadulterated food, fresh vegetables, fruits, the works. This is what keeps me going. And plenty of sleep and solitude when I can get it."

I had heard somebody say the





***"I try to make things
better, more honest, but
I am not a protest marcher."***

...was taciturn and shy off stage.
...didn't notice.
...I'll give you a scoop," she said.
...everybody writes I'm a fullblooded
...lian. Well, I'm not fullblooded,
...whatever that means, I don't think
...important, either way, but let's
...the record straight. I was born
...a Cree reservation in Canada,
...phaned at three. I was adopted
...a couple. I am part Cree. The
...t, who knows? Who cares?"

Much had been made of her dedication to the cause of the American Indian but when I broached the subject she shrugged impatiently.

"Look," she said. "Everybody knows that the Indian is a victim of neglect and discrimination. What's the use of talking about it? What I want is people who can help in a practical way—lawyers who can argue our case in the courts, trained workmen who can build irrigation systems on the reservations, plumbers, engineers, teachers. They should go there and help the Indian help himself. Moralizing is a waste of time.

"As for me, I try to do what I can as an individual. I have my own private foundation and the



money contributed goes straight to the Indians. You see, what we need is action."

She spoke earnestly, intently, but without anger. "The burden the Indian has to carry is the image you have of us. We must live with the lies the white kids are being told about us. There is not one commercial film that portrays the Indians as they were and as they are, honestly, and accurately. That is why I'm determined to make my

own films, and I have plans for seven of them.

"I have another cause. I want to correct all the history books that misrepresent us. If necessary," she added with a wry smile, "I could do some of the teaching, the unteaching, myself. I have the certification. And maybe someday I'll take up teaching fulltime."

She doesn't remember her real parents.

"I was raised in Maine and Massachusetts by my foster parents. When I was four, they bought me an old piano and I became fascinated by music. I taught myself to play and even made up my own tunes. I was a shy child and music became my companion.

"I was a lousy student in high school. I had terrible hangups about my appearance and identity. I desperately wanted to be

"Everybody knows that the Indian is a victim of neglect and discrimination. . . . Moralizing is a waste of time. . . . What we need is action."

**There is a difference
between strength of purpose
and fanaticism. And young
people owe it to themselves
to understand this difference."**

nde. I put on white powder
makeup and I bleached my hair. I
was ashamed of being different. It
was that kind of a time in our
country, but times have changed,
right? Gradually, I developed
confidence in my heritage.

"Music helped me all along.
When I was 17, my foster father
bought me a second-hand guitar and
taught me it and began to perform
for small groups of friends and in
coffeehouses, and soon I lost some
of my timidity."

"She discovered 32 different ways
to tune the guitar and also mas-
tered the mouth bow, an ancient
and seldom performed instrument.
In college—I was graduated
from the University of Massachu-
setts—I was a good student, you
know, because they let us think for
ourselves. I got a degree in Orien-
tal Philosophy—I have always had
an affinity with the East—and I had
the chance to go to India. It was
tempting, but at the last moment
I decided against it because I felt
I wanted to make it in my own
country."

By now, the artist in her had
swallowed the teacher into the back-

ground. She had already acted in
several college plays and the in-
creasingly successful coffeehouse
stints had boosted her confidence
as a performer. She was ready to
go to New York.

Her rise was meteoric.

After a series of guest nights
at the Village bistros, The Gaslight,
Bitter End, and Gerde's Folk City,
fat contracts began to pour in. She
withdrew to Maine, rewrote some
of the contracts that interested
her, and finally accepted television
and personal appearance offers.
The rest is show business history.

In a field crowded with over-
night wonders, Buffy quickly estab-
lished herself as a serious artist who
could wow audiences in a small
backwater town and in Carnegie
Hall.

Even jaundiced New York critics
perked up and took notice of the
newcomer with the magnetic voice.

"Miss Sainte Marie is blessed
with a rare command of the pow-
ers that communicate," wrote Irv-
ing Kolodin in **Saturday Review**
after Buffy's standing-room-only
concert at Philharmonic Hall last
fall. "She can sing on and off or
around the pitch, as she chooses;
her sense of phrasing is superb.
And the inflections that emerge
from the words leave no doubt that
quarter tones are validly artistic
when used with valid artistry. . . ."

If success has spoiled her, it
doesn't show.

"I guess I'm famous," she said
thoughtfully. "But truthfully, this



isn't very important to me, except in the sense that it enables me to reach many people with whatever I can give. I open myself up to people when I sing, I open like a flower. Some come to look at my knees, you dig? Some want to hear love songs. Some like my songs against war and hypocrisy. It

**"People should insist
on being true to themselves.
... You are the only you
on this planet."**

doesn't matter. I give them what I feel inside of me. What they feel is up to them—it's like looking at a painting, I guess. You have to contribute something, too, to get anything out of it."

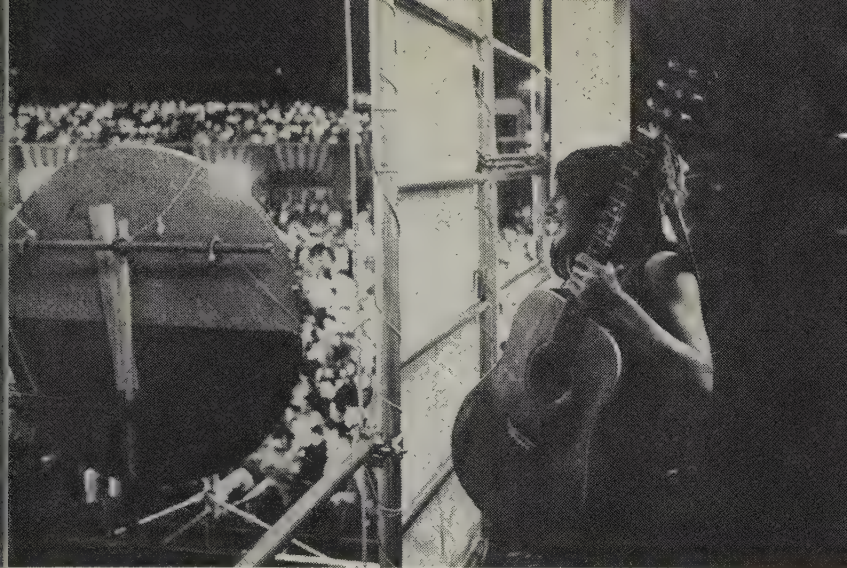
She writes most of her own songs. "Whether I'm singing with a symphony orchestra or a group in a small village, all my material is original. I don't know how the songs come to me. I have written some in Horn and Hardarts. And sometimes I have awakened at night and there, under my pillow, was a song."

Her penchant for originality explains perhaps why she admires few other artists.

"I like the Beatles, especially their early stuff, but I prefer the Rolling Stones and Mick Jagger and Bob Dylan because they are more real to me. But I can't say that I fashion myself after any one. Joan Baez? She's an entertainer more than a folk artist. She is an activist and I am not, in the same sense. I try to make things better, more honest, but I am not a protest marcher."

How does she see the youth rebellion?

"I sympathize with many of their aims but I am sickened by their violent excesses. The trouble is that so many of our young people start off on the right track but get carried away. And then they do precisely the things they say they are against. Also, I think many good causes are often infiltrated



people whose motives are not
re, people who use a cause to
work out their own personal hang-
s and frustrations, people who
want power at any price. Young
people should think and look hard
before committing themselves to
any cause. There is a difference be-
tween strength of purpose and
rhetoric. And young people owe
it to themselves to understand this
difference."

Too many young people are
about to despair, she continued. "But
there is a way out, there is always
an alternative. You can still do
your own thing. You can be your-
self, you can get untweaked. Who
says you can't start a new life if
you don't like your present life?
You don't like the city? Move . . .
'So many are frightened—afraid
to think for themselves. They're

***"All my material is
original. I don't know
how the songs come to me.
Sometimes I have awakened
at night and there, under
my pillow, was a song."***

scared of what their friends will say
if they express anything original that
doesn't agree with the accepted.
But I say, take a deep look inside
yourself, a hard look. Don't stop
to consult your girl friend or your
boy friend or the group. Do this
all alone and you will come up with
answers that are really honest, you
will discover the real you. Now, the
trouble is that many young people

have no sense of their own worth. But they are unique, as a star is unique. But you don't find that out running with a group. Of course, if you want to improve society, you should associate with others, but first of all, start changing yourself."

I asked her what made her tick.

She thought for a moment, nibbling at a cookie.

***"I love people but
I value my privacy.
I must have time alone."***

"I don't honestly know what makes me tick," she said after a while. "I can tell you what doesn't. I don't take drugs, I don't smoke. I don't even drink coffee. I don't use alcohol, I don't need pep pills or tranquilizers. I love people but I value my privacy. I must have time alone."

Whenever her work permits, she retreats to one of her two homes. "I have a house in Maine and one in Hawaii. I met my husband in Hawaii three years ago. He was 19 then. He is a surfer, a wonderful man. He also dances flamenco. We surf a lot. To me, it's the closest physical thing to music. You don't need anything mechanical for it, not even a board—you can body-surf, which is like standing in

the rain without clothes. It sounds sexy, I know, but it's great. In Maine we grow Christmas trees and grow our own vegetables and live close to the soil. That is part of me—touching, feeling nature."

"I'm making my living," she said. "I work hard and play hard. I am eager to learn. Do you know anybody who can teach me about nuclear physics? I'd like to dig into that."

"Whatever happens, I'll always be singing. I want to be the best I can be. If I have a message, it's that people should insist on being true to themselves. They should stop telling lies to kids, they should stop lying to themselves. You are the only you on this planet."

"I want to tell the whites to learn to treat each other fairly and decently before telling minorities what's wrong with them."

She said she believed the individual can change the world.

"Start to build with your own life, develop your own character. And if you don't believe an individual can change things, even the blessed stars—watch me."

It was time to go.

She smiled a dazzling smile. She looked very young.

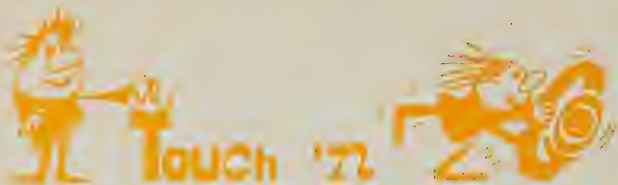
"Let's all get untweaked, yo dig?"

I said I thought I dug.

Soon she'd be aboard another plane to some other place to sing her songs, with her voice of lay and velvet.

I wonder how she'll wear my tie





IDEAS FROM BACK ISSUES

I've been reading your magazine for about two years now. Sometimes I don't get a chance to look at it when it comes. The issues are saved and I go back to look at them at a later date. But what I've been missing all this time! Tonight I went back and concentrated on a rather old issue—March 23, 1969. I was delighted with the story, "The Hunger Shack." I think it is the best idea that anyone's come up with in conjunction with poverty. It really made me think! I wish to thank the people of YOUTH magazine for a better sense of awareness which it has given me.

—D.C., Mountain Lakes, N.J.

WE WORRY TOO MUCH

After reading your November issues, I have concluded that our generation worries too much. Instead of telling the generation in charge what is wrong, we must learn and prepare for the day we are in charge and make sure we do not repeat the mistakes of past generations. This is our job today. Tomorrow is our turn, and we must not be criticized for the same mistakes as today. Instead we should find some brand-new mistakes for our young generations to worry about.

—C.M., Glenview, Ill.

MEANINGFUL PRAYERS

I really love your magazine, especially the prayers. They are always meaningful and are frequently a part of our worship services.

—A.P., Saratoga, Calif.

WOODSTOCK: BAD AND GOOD

I was very disappointed in your magazine of October 26, 1969. I guess you were giving opinions of youth and what was said of Rock Festival. But there were pages of how beautiful it was and only five sentences of criticism. Two youths with one and two sentences and the Catholic Northwest Progress with two sentences. We heard the report on radio, T.V. and by Kansas City Star and they didn't give such a glowing report. Why did a church paper for very young people need to encourage them that it was good?

—W.S., Napoleon, Mo.

RE: YOUTH issue on Woodstock BEAUTIFUL!!!

—W.J., Wilton, Conn.

CARTOONS IN POOR TASTE

I cannot protest strongly enough to the cartoon on pages 26-27 in the September 28, 1969 issue of YOUTH. To me, it isn't funny, not even tongue-in-cheek humor. It is, in fact, in downright poor taste and senseless. I object to using God's name in this manner and also the "damn." Though many use this in everyday speech, I object to it being repeated and repeated for shock effect. The magazine has many finer articles and I, as a teacher, always pick it up. But lately the tone has been so defeated, so dreary. Where is the Christian joy? Surely, there is something to be joyful about.

—E.K., Gladbrook, Ia.

DISGRACE TO CHRIST

YOUTH magazine is a disgrace to the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. We were deeply shocked at the very first time we received your paper. Our pastor seemed unconcerned about it and even defended it. We prayed about this matter and felt led to write to you. There is so much good in the gospel, why don't you concentrate more on Bible-centered materials? The articles we have read are actually scriptural and slanted. . . . May the Holy Spirit guide you in the future to publish Christ-centered stories.

—E.S., Leslie, Mich.

CROSS GENERATIONS

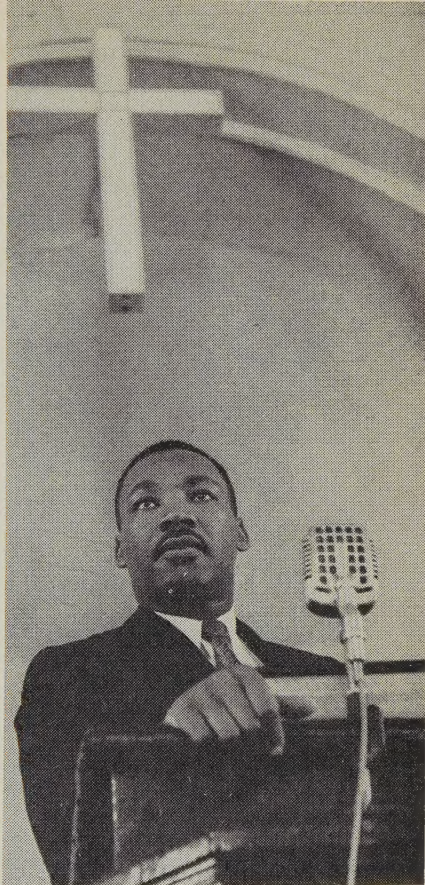
I am so grateful for a publication such as YOUTH magazine, that can provide a bond between myself and my teen-age children. Excellence is its own reward, but we appreciate it.

—R.P., Brookline, Mass.

FROM A CATHOLIC SCHOOL

The girls in my religion class are always showing my copy of YOUTH. I was pleased to see them appreciating religious concepts from the viewpoint of someone other than a Catholic. Interestingly enough, they found that we all hold many ideas in common. These very positive experiences with your magazine prompted me to order more subscriptions for my class this year. I hope to use them as springboards for discussion.

—Sister L., San Francisco, Calif.



January 15 is the birthday of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. A number of organizations and churches are suggesting that his birthday be an occasion for singling out and celebrating the unique experience and contribution of black people in the life and destiny of the United States, of which Dr. King is a symbol.

Be alert to any plans which may be announced by your own church or by others in your community. Or perhaps you yourself may wish to initiate some appropriate observance.

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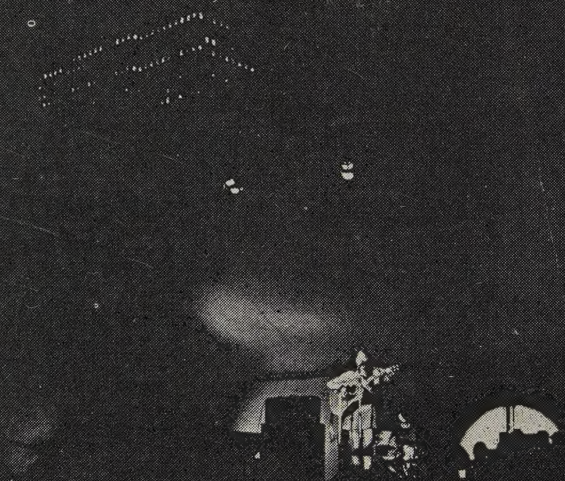
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Lord, God,

**the calendar says the world has aged
another year.**

**What does that mean?
What lies ahead?**

**The past was frightening, God,
with war, the threat of war,
starvation, injustice, and hatred
everyday a part of our lives.**

**Yet, what was is past
no longer to be feared.**

**The unknown, which lies ahead
is terrifying.**

**But, Lord, we have celebrated Christmas—
we have affirmed Epiphany.**

**Help us, O God, to let our faith in you,
our hope in the work of your Spirit
in the world,**

**our love for you and for each other,
strengthen us to face the future—
to move ahead and live**

For Christ's sake.

AMEN.

Prayer by Laura-Jean Mashrick